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ORIGINAL POETRY.

BYRON.

How many loves to dwell upon the light
Of sun beneath Parnassus' wide horizon set,
And steel, amid the thickly coming night,
A few bright glances that are lingering yet:
Eyes glancing doubly through the deepening jet,
Whom bright must dawn man's evanescent count?
And kindle up the feeling of regret;
That such should ever lose their pristine force,
Or death arrest in time, life's frail unsundered source.

There are, and have been, who in this dull scene,
Seem'd not as beings of another air,
Spirits of heavenly mould, in mortal sheen,
Whose mental brightness shames the garb they wear;
Who, like the comets in his hair,
Yet could not so restrain the feeling there,
Whose latent soul had more than power to bleed,
And seldom could to show its dazzling gleam.

There are, too, those, born only to reflect
Such splendour round with more ethereal beam,
Dark souls of envy, anxious to detect
Some spring, whose flow may sully o'er the stream
And dim the beauty of its pure gleam:
For as the beetle before a summer sun,
They vanish like the fitting of a dream,
And only show the radiance of that One,
More bright for the frail cloud, of Fate through
which it shone.

Byron! could not thy muse arrest the shaft,
Which Envy's minions vainly dared to throw;
Whose words were narrow as their fame was low;
The drops of Earth, the weeds whose labours grow,
To stagnate in corruption; could not thine
Have discerned Envy's inveterate foe,
And found her crew to homage genius' line,
When all that Earth could crush, were given there of
the Nile?

Alas! not even Fate can stay the arm,
The Envy lifts against the sons of fame,
Nor shield the purest from the slandering harm,
When Fate is leagued against a mighty name:
I never will be, and hath been the same—
For petty souls must feed their ungodly ire,
And through a god, drink of the eternal flame,
Soll would the tongue of hate, deny his lyre,
And strive with vain attempts, to quench the rising
fire.

Yet thou may'st look on these complacently,
With pitying smile, and less than scornful smile
Till their own makes, leave its work to die,
And their dark stains show their ready will;
Thy name will shine more brightly for their guile,
Thy faith will show more purely than their seal;
And 'mid the many errors that defile,
The face of thy bright fame, each soul will feel
How low is the face, where thine was wont to kneel.

Around thy works a fiery halo play,
Wrapping the soul in awe: what terrors spread
Their mantle o'er the fierce effulgent blaze,
That circles in their more than magic train,
We deem thee something from the mighty dead,
New risen, full of majesty and power,
And by the claims of those high feelings led,
Wander, with minds entranced, the flitting hour
Slaves to those thoughts in thee, which o'er all weak-
nesses to sever.

And if thy lofty soul disdain'd to crouch
Beneath the censure of the despotic crowd,
Whose name is graven'd in their mould'ring touch,
And reputation in their praise bestows;
We love thee more, because thou hast not bow'd
To us not with them to crush thy glorious wing,
That hath so many heavenly regions plough'd:
Nor it in their hostile power to bring
The bow to the light of thy imagination,
Peace then to thee and thine, immortal shade,
That peace which thou hast left us below;
For round the mass a never ceasing array'd,
More bright than that, which crosses thy offerings
now.

For better than the light around thy brow:
For thy own feather plumed thy nation's dart,
In making venous long both ceased to grow,
But hark'd by the magic of thy art,
Its war both left thy flame more lasting for the smart
ORASMUN.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Sleep on sweet infant, on thy brow
There is no shade of sadness now,
For health is glowing on thy cheek,
And then art yet too young to seek
The world, and its alluring smile
That charms, and yet deceives the while—
For smile'd on thy mother's breast,
And hark'd within her arms to rest,
Thy gentle breathings plainly show
Thy heart is not the seat of woe!
Dear babe—and may no shade of gloom
Mingle in sadness with the bloom
That health has richly planted there,
And innocence delights to share.
And when thy infant years have past,
May that sweet innocence still last
That sweet's approver—and life will be
Best years of happiness to thee.

CORDELLA.

LINES.

Oh, that thou wert
Affection from thee! in this bitter world
Held to thy heart that only treasure fast.
Weak—guard it—offer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity."
Thou would'st not cut aside the gem that glitters in
Thy sight,
Nor show the diamond lily by, whose virtues are so
bright!
But what are precious stones and pearls? and what is
harmless gold?
To that which never hath been bought, and never can
be sold!
Thou would'st not cut affection off, or thro' it idly try,
Nor fling with that precious gem—that sympathetic
tie!
Thou guard that only treasure that is locked within
Thy breast,
As much would from meridian, their Paradise of rest.

Are not thy hopes in Heaven plac'd? would'st thou
not meet above,
Thence, whose morning nature here, hath taught thee
most to love!
Then in this cold unfeeling world, thy breast must be
the shrine,
Where all those kindred hopes repose—Oh! guard
these gifts divine!

Affection to thy infant breast, was routed at thy birth;
Obeying Nature's law, preserve its purity on Earth:
If splendour dazzles, let it not thy guardian care be-
gale—

Protect it thus, lest fortune should deceive thee with a
smile,
If on the stormy sea of Life, thy bark is rudely toss'd,
And if the very fragments here, of fortune's wreck,
are lost;

Although in "distant lands you sigh"—in foreign
climes you roam,
A wanderer through Life's wilderness—an exile from
thy home—

Still there's a home within thy heart—a refuge in thy
breast—
An "ark of safety" for thy love, where friendship
may be blest—
And from the grave, where all thy hopes must be en-
tomb'd, shall rise
Affection in her purity, to join them in the skies.
Oct. 26th, 1823. TREMONT.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MY PENCIL.

"'Tis but fancy's sketch."

THE PIKE-HOLE.

At no very considerable distance from the
city of Philadelphia, the Schuylkill receives into
its bosom one of those beautifully romantic
streams, with which our country so much
abounds—where nature, in her unerring pen-
cil, seems to have given, in her solitude, those
exquisite touches in the great picture of creation,
as if occasionally to contrast her own sublime
reality with the frequent imitative efforts of hu-
man skill.

It still retains the old Indian appellation of
Wissahickon—supposed to have originated in
the circumstance of a young squaw of that
name, the wife of a celebrated chief, having taken
refuge in a cave about two miles from its
mouth, after escaping from a band of hostile
savages, who, in the absence of her husband on
a hunting party, had captured, and were in the
act of conveying her to their own domain, in
the high-lands, now called the Blue Ridge.

It is in truth a lovely stream!—at least it was
so five and twenty years ago, when, a little ur-
chin, I wandered and played upon its banks,
my younger sister, Jean—Poor thing! little
thought she then, that she would be so broad and
lowly ocean of life, were the sweet meandering
of that peaceful rivulet. Full many a summer,
sun has sunk behind the "big rock," that, in
my childish moments, I used to think very
nearly, not quite, reached the blue ceiling
above, and left us still pursuing the wayward
butterfly, or gazing on the mimic cataract, that,
to our young eyes, was the greatest wonder and
beauty of the whole scene. We tall as we, with
their money seats beneath, decked with the ruby
ground-apple—the playful squirrel, that bound
forth as we approached its quiet haunt—the
waterfall—the mill-race—the neighboring brook,
where I had erected a dam that served to set in
motion the tiny machinery of a small mill—all
appear now as fresh to my imagination, as if
my childhood were but yesterday! Envious
period of human life—when all around is bright-
ness and joy, and peace, who is there that
would not recall then, if it were possible, and
live over the sunny hours of infancy, despite
the world's proud honors, and the tinsel baubles
that glitter around manhood only to deceive!

There was a miller's boy, one Hendrick Hutts,
of Dutch parentage, as his name indicates, who
went by the distinctive appellation of *Bully*
Hen. There never was a row, for miles round,
but this *Hen* was sure to be the greatest fight-
ing cock amongst them for would pass off, and
even of every description, he was as renowned
as any freebooter of the age; and the youngsters
round about, if they caught a glimpse of *Bully*
Hen, particularly if they were aware he owed
them a grudge for betraying him to the owner
of a breeding sow that he had wantonly maimed,
or of a brood of young goslings, whose heads he
had thrown into the barn-yard, as an intimation
that their bodies were no longer worth providing
for, under such circumstances, they caught a
glimpse of *Bully Hen* in a by-lane, or
any distance from home, they were as sure to
give him *leg bail* for it, as though he were a wild
cat or stray panther; and well might they, for
once in his clutches, it was fortunate if they
escaped without visible marks of his flagellating
skill, or perhaps a ducking, almost to death, in
a mill-pond; and as to the old ones seeking re-
dress from him, what was to be the consequence?
—why, scarce a day or two would pass off, but
the crier-pipe would be found unfit for use, the
plough and harrow broken, not an egg in all
the numerous nests of the setting fowls, and so forth.

Now this same mischievous chap had taken an
unaccountable liking, it appeared to myself—
whether it was that I listened attentively to his
long stories about the "walking man of the
woods," who, he averred, was never seen but at
moonlight, or in the day time during a thunder
gust, and that his uncle, Deaderick Hutts, had
more than once encountered this strange man at
a late hour of the night, who glided by him
through the bushes, followed by an animal, the
like of which was never heard of, whose head
was a sharp-pointed spear, and from whose sides
and back sparks of blue fire were constantly is-
suing—or whether it was that I praised his des-
terity in mounting the loftiest trees, in backing
the wildest colts, or in riding Farmer Thresher's
vicious red cow, I know not—but so it was, he
would make me his boon companion through
many a ramble along the borders of the Wis-
sahickon, even to where Robeson's Falls present
to the eye of the admiring passenger along the
Ridge Road one sheet of liquid silver, from shore
to shore of that romantic stream, which passing
over this last of its many mill-dams, gurgles over
a bed of rocks to the adjacent Schuylkill.

I frequently remarked, however, that there
was one spot on the banks of this stream that
I uniformly avoided. In all our rambles to
and fro, I observed that whenever we approached
a certain small but much dilapidated bridge,
he would strike off immediately in a direction
from the water, and, by a circuitous path of a
full half mile, extend his walk, to my great won-
der sometimes, no matter what urgent errand he
might have been sent on by his employer, or
what might have been his own inclination for
haste in arriving at his place of destination; nor
would he ever reveal to me his reason for this
singular manœuvre, so regularly repeated, until
one day, very tired with clambering over rocks
and precipices, I begged he would not go the
round way home, but keep straight onwards by
the margin of the stream.

He looked at me for a moment in fearful as-
tonishment—"Why, for certain," said he, "you
don't want to go by the *Pike-hole*, do you?"
"Hole, Hen!—What hole?" I inquired.
"Come along by the *Pike-hole*. Don't
you know the *Pike-hole*?"
"No!"

"Why then you don't know nothing. Come
on—I'll tell you when we get round the path."
Taking me by the hand, he quickened his pace
as he spoke, and not many minutes brought us
again in sight of the stream, and not very far
from our home.

"And you don't know nothing about the *Pike-
hole*," said he; "Gosh! if you'd ever go that
way, you'd never want no more apple-butter
this side o' Christmas, I know. That's where
old Satan kept his fish a-long ago—and a terna-
tion sight o' pike he had there, I can tell you.
—Don't you know the white house 't'other side
the creek, just over the old bridge?—well, he
consided, lowering his tone almost to a whisper,
"that's where he used to stay, and carry his
fish there o' nights; but nobody never could
tell what he did that for, for no fish nor light
was ever seen there, except once, when Uncle
Deaderick spied, in a window up stairs, two
large fiery balls, that he was sure was old Sa-
tan's eyes, looking full at him, as he put one
foot on that old bridge, to cross over, one
moonlight night, after a stray heifer.—But,
Gosh! I guess 't'other foot did not go after it,
though, for something troubled him but through
the old bridge into the creek, and glad was he
to get out alive, and make the best way home."
"And does he stay there still, Hen?" I in-
quired, in the same suppressed tone of voice.

"Stay there still, boy!—Uncle that are
a-way and you'll soon see, I warrant—but they
say he's never been seen for a long while, and
that there's no more pike there now—nor ever
has been, since Old Hen, the old blacksmith
strangled him, with a fishing hook, and threw his
hook in that are hole—and, Gosh! something
held hold of his hook, and jerked him, and old
boy Gilley, down to the bottom—if it has
any bottom, that is."

"But, Hen, maybe he fell in."
"Fell in your granny!—tell you, boy, he was
jerked in, don't I!—and nothing but his hat
ever been seen of him since, and that smells o'
brimstone to this day."

By this time we had reached the mill, Hen's
place of employment and abode—and, rumina-
ting about my unaccountable companion's strange stories
about the *Pike-hole*, I soon found myself be-
neath the shelter of a parent's protecting roof.

Parent!—What a train of reflections does that
word bring forth! Who that has ever been
nourished at the maternal fount, with the stream
of love flowing, and flowing into our young being,
till unconsciously we adopt beneath the love
that beamed with tenderest affection: who that
has ever sat upon the paternal knee, or gambol-
led round the paternal hearth with *Aim*, the
mimic playmate in our childish sport, only to
enhance its pleasure or its consequence in our
eyes: who that has ever felt the parental caress,
as received the parental admonition, when
love, pure, unsophisticated love, was beaming
like an ever bright though clouded star, through
parental authority—who that has felt and seen
all this, whose heart does not warm at the name
of parent, with delightful reverence and affec-
tion, when, in after years, recollection strews
before us the sweet flowers that were wont to
deck the paths of infancy and youth!

Well, Doctor, what
are you studying about now?" said my mother,
as she entered the rural little back parlour,
where I had seated myself, pondering over the
information and remarks of Hendrick Hutts:
"I think, my dear, we must certainly make a doc-
tor of Thee, or a logician."
"Aye, a logician," said my father: "What
say you, my boy?"

"I would rather be a magician," answered I,
thoughtfully.
"A what?" inquired my father and mother at
once.

"A magician," I repeated.
"And why a magician, Theodore? Have I
not before told you there are no such things
as magicians? You have read those Arabian tales
I bought you too soon, I fear, Thee."

"Indeed, dear father, I was only jesting; but
I thought a magician—I mean such an one as
we read of last night—could soon find out all
about the *Pike-hole*."
"The what?" again inquired my father.
"And the old bridge," I continued, thought-
fully.

"The bridge?" said my mother.
"And the white house—and the large eyes—
and—"

"Why the child's crazy.—What are you talk-
ing about, Theodore?" continued my mother.
"I mean the *Pike-hole* mother, that Hen
has been telling me of, on the banks of the
Wissahickon, where nobody goes now, because
of—"

"Theodore," said my father, "that boy,
Hen, as you call him, is not a fit companion for
you, my child; and I am very sorry you are so
often with him. But come, tell us what he has
been saying to you about this, what do you call
it, *Pike-hole*?"

"Yes, father, because it once had a great
quantity of fish in it they call pike."
"And a very good fish it is.—Well, go on, my
boy."

I proceeded to narrate all that Hen had told
me, as particularly as possible—not forgetting,
of course, the untimely end of poor Gilley Brut,
and the sad catastrophe consequent upon the
attempt of Deaderick Hutts to cross the old
bridge.

"Well," said my father, after I had conclu-
ded, "do you really believe all this nonsense of
Hen's—or shall we go, to-morrow evening, and
examine the premises ourselves?"

I confess the proposition at first startled me.
"Come, sir," he continued, "to-morrow, on
my return from town, if it is a fine evening, we
will walk in search of this terrific place; and if
we find it, you will then have it in your power
though so much younger than he, to put to
shame this foolish boy, your informant, for his
childish and ungrounded fears of a spot that,
I doubt not, you will discover to be as harmless
as your favourite play-ground by the high
rock."

Now I have always felt conscious of a full
share of ambition, and more than once in my
boyhood, my mother's opinion to the contrary
notwithstanding, have I had a strong yearning
toward a sword and a pair of epaulettes, espe-
cially when hearing of the military prowess and
fame of the First Consul of France, or of Eng-
land's naval hero, Nelson; and so, thought I to
myself, what do that which *Bully Hen* is afraid
to do—the thought had something of pride and
self-satisfaction in it—and I dropped to
sleep that night, more pleased than otherwise
with the prospect of the promised walk on the
morrow.

And the morning opened fair and beautiful—
it was one of those remarkably fine, clear days
often experienced upon the approach of autumn
—when the glorious sun shining forth from an

unclouded sky of the deepest blue, seems to im-
part an unwearied lustre to every object, and
marking, therefore, so distinctly, the bold out-
lines of light and shade.

The business of the day transacted, at an early
hour in the afternoon we were already on the
way to this dreaded neighbourhood of the evil
one; the business of the weather and the little
head taken of my wonderful narrative the pre-
ceding evening, (except by a laugh or two, at my
expense, as, at times, I would look aside, as
though pondering on what might be the result
of the expedition,) and the distance also not
being very great for an afternoon's walk; hav-
ing induced my mother with little Jean to accom-
pany us.

We had not proceeded far before we observed
Hendrick Hutts sauntering along before us.
"What's he so bent, for want of thought,"
and it was determined so far to encourage the
acquaintance he appeared bent on maintaining
with me, as to ask him to be our guide over
the old bridge to the identical spot in question.

"No, Hen, we won't show us there as the way to
the *Pike-hole*," said my father, as we came up
to him.

"Anan," said Hen.
"If you are not busy, will you go with us?"
"Anan!" repeated he, edging off to the other
side of the lane.

We went up to show us the way, Hen, to the
Pike-hole.
There was first a vacant stare, indicating a
want of all comprehension as to the nature of the
request made—then a look of inexpressible sur-
prise—and lastly a grin of simple incredulity,
as he breathed, rather than articulated, "The
Pike-hole," getting no farther than merely as-
pirating the h.

I believe there was not one of us, even in-
cluding little Jean, that could represent our risi-
ble faculty at the comical expression of Hen's fea-
tures. However, after some persuasion, and a
promise of reward, he consented to accompany
us to the dilapidated bridge before mentioned.
This we accordingly soon reached, and I recol-
lect well the expression of my father, "sublimely
beautiful," as he cast his eyes down the stream
which here seemed almost wholly excluded from
the rays of the sun, the tall trees on either side
interweaving their thick branches above in occa-
sionally impenetrable masses of green foliage.

But the bridge at first view appeared in such a
state of decay as to render it a matter of ques-
tion whether it were prudent to encounter the
peril which it seemed, from some avowed in-
visible cause however, awaited the luckless visit-
ant. On examination, however, it was found that
one of it had been recently repaired, and was
quite secure.

"Come, Hendrick," said my mother, cheerily,
"lead the way, unless you are afraid the
bridge will break."

"Gosh! I'm not afraid of that neither," said
Hen; "that are plank's strong enough for a load
of four, I warrant—if you'd a seed what once
Deaderick used a setting on that are bridge once
you'd—"

"Well, Hen, no nonsense," said my father—
"come, if you are assured of its strength, lead
us to where we purpose going; why, surely you
are not afraid because you have heard some foolish
stories of this place."

"I am not afraid," said I, boldly; "come, fa-
ther, let us go without him, then," taking my
father's hand, while Hen was about leaving us on
his way back.

My mother laughed at him—and so did I—my
father uttered "for shame, so stout a fellow and
such a coward!" Hen stopped, turned round—
no—he would not be called a coward; and with
his favorite ejaculation of "Gosh!" he stalked
past us and walked briskly upon the bridge.

But, alas! poor Hen—he was too confident of
the frail structure upon which he strode with so
much assumed boldness—had it not been for
that misplaced confidence he would have per-
ceived that the old bridge was not so strong
and secure, and those that chose that way
as an evidently weak and dangerous. Before
my father had time to caution him of his error,
he made the fatal step upon a plank decayed to
rottenness, and down he went some up to his
chin in the water beneath, which here was much
narrower and of course deeper than at other
parts of the stream; but, among his other qual-
ifications, being an excellent swimmer, he soon
regained terra firma, when, with an imprecation
upon all of "Gosh!" he retreated, at full
speed, homeward, and was soon out of view.

All hopes of his further guidance having been
by this untoward accident, it was determin-
ed to continue our walk, notwithstanding, on the
opposite side of the stream: the bridge was easily
passed in perfect safety, and a few minutes
brought us to a part of that romantic stream,
the reflection of which brown and bridge with
side a feeling of superstitious awe, like that which
I well remember experiencing, as grasping my
father's hand, I looked on the scene before and
around us.

We had crossed over, with some little diffi-
culty, a rock that, projecting into the creek, had
kept wholly from our view the curtain and ex-
tensive bowers into which we had entered. Be-
neath it trod on a carpet of green verdure that
seemed never to grow, as it were, by some far
hands for an approaching revel: above us was
an impenetrable ceiling of the richest foliage, that
extended, as before observed, over and across
the stream, the opposite bank of which, elevat-
ed considerably above that on which we were,
gave the appearance of an inaccessible wall, at
the foot of which the rivulet passed, without a
murmur, along. All above, below, and around
us, they met nothing but the deep green of
shaded verdure, without a single ray of the blue
of sun to enlighten that deep solitude.—And all
was silent as the tomb!

"My love! it is not growing late!"
"Four o'clock, and we are not more than a
mile from home," answered my father, as we
resumed our walk.

"Theodore, there are some fine grapes," said
my father, pointing to the right, where the
growth of shrubbery and underwood formed an
apparent barrier on that side of this secluded
spot.

Forgetting for a moment the feelings to which
the scene had given rise, I hastened, followed by
little Jean, to gather the purple fruit that hung
so invitingly in the dark recess before me. In
my attempts to procure some of the largest and
best, I ascended to the branch of a tree that ex-
tended still further into the thick underwood,
and passing on with my eyes intently fixed up-
ward to the prize I kept in view, little dream-
ing of the peril to which I had exposed myself for
a simple bunch of delightful grapes. The bough
on which I had placed myself, too near its ex-
tremity, suddenly gave way; I lost my foot-hold,
but clung to an end of the vine that had fasten-
ed its stout tendrils to the top of the oak. Look-
ing below me, with the intention of dropping
upon the ground, it was with feelings of dread
and surprise that I beheld myself suspended over
a large pool of water, so dark, and still, and dis-
tant, that it wore the appearance of a subterra-

nean lake on which a saphire had never played,
or no beam ever lodged.

My first impulse was to cry to my father for
help, and the next instant brought him near
as he could approach me—but there was danger
in the air some feet from the shore, and
what could he possibly do to rescue me?—I had
sufficient presence of mind to acquire of my fa-
ther if he thought the water very deep.

"Very deep!"—said a strange voice, as a
small child came immediately under me, in which
not a venerable old man, who caught me in his
little vessel just as my strength failing me, I
dropped from the vine to which I had been cling-
ing.

"Young master, had you fallen into that wa-
ter, you would never again have seen the light
of the sun, I fear!"—said my deliverer in a voice
rendered tremulous by age, as we both stopped
upon the shore.

"Then indeed are we grateful to you, Sir,"
replied my father, "for your timely assistance,
but for your small boat my son would certainly
have encountered the risk of a plunge in deep
water without being very desirous of swim-
ming."

"That would have availed him but little here,
Sir," continued the old man, "a singular cap-
ture was made the last few years formed itself at
the bottom of this pool, occasioned, I have no doubt,
by a subterranean duct that empties itself at
lower extremity of the adjoining creek, which at
this particular spot, from several circumstances
that have come under my observation, appears
to be irretrievable at the distance of a few feet
from the surface."

"And may I ask," said my father, "to whom
we are thus indebted for so great a service as
that you have just rendered?"

"Oh! that matters not—by this time I am a
poor silly old man—fool enough to persist in be-
lieving we were formed to aid and assist each
other—but dear me! dear me! I have seen for
many a day how the actions of men show the
contrary of this mistaken notion of mine."

"I reside near this place?" inquired my
father.

"Aye, Sir," said he, pointing up the hill on
the opposite side of the pool—"there will my
bones rest, I hope, and mingle their dust with
the old man's, and I could perceive a
tear steal down his aged cheek as he turned to-
ward the cliff, apparently with the intention of
leaving us."

There was in the direction he pointed an ob-
ject but indistinctly seen through the trees, the
snow-white appearance of which beautifully con-
trasted with the green verdure around it; and
which, on more minute examination, proved to
be a Tomb—ornamented at either end with an
Urn.

In the act of stepping into the cliff, as if en-
dured recollecting himself, he turned to my fa-
ther, and with a countenance expressive of af-
fection as well as dignity, "But come, Sir," he
said, "you have been strolling far, perhaps with
your lady and young ones, walk to the Hall—
'tis near—and—"

He was interrupted in his friendly invitation
by a cry that proceeded from the summit of the
hill before us, "Grand-papa!—Grand-papa!—
where are you, Grand-papa?"

"Here, child," he answered, raising his voice,
"here, at the fish pond!—What is the matter,
my love?" he added affectionately as there is-
sued from a path overgrown with thick un-
derwood on the opposite bank, a young and
blooming female of about fifteen, who with
breathless impatience was seeking the old gen-
tleman by our side.

"Oh! Grand-papa, poor old Carlo is dy-
ing!" said she, "and he has told me—and—"
Observing us she stopped, and looked for an
instant like a living statue in that embowering
shade, so intently she gazed on the strange faces
of those with whom her Grand-papa was convers-
ing.

What say you, child, Carlo dying!—then I
must leave you, Sir—but no—no—no, Sir, you
shall go with us and see my faithful Grand-
papa—Poor Carlo! art thou indeed going at last
to leave thy old master.—Well, he must follow thee
soon, old dog."

"But, Sir," resumed my father, "we in-
tend—"

"Will you follow, Sir—we will not venture
in the cliff—this path will lead us round my fa-
ther's tomb—Maria, my love, meet us at the
Urn."

No saying, he led the way along the margin of
this singular piece of water, that lay as a dark
mirror at our feet, reflecting nothing but the
gloomy thicket in which it was embosomed, dull
and dismal as though its banks were formed for
some devoted solitude, whereon to find seclusion
more secluded—loneliness more lonely.

"Pray, Sir," inquired my father, "is this the
piece of water they call the *Pike-hole*?"

"The what?" returned the old man.
My father repeated the appellation.

"I know it by no such name," said our con-
ductor. "In the days of my manhood, it was a
favourite resort of mine. I had it formed origi-
nally for the purpose of a recreation I was very
fond of, that of angling—and if the fine species
of pike I preserved here has given it that appella-
tion, I care not if it retains it.—Poor Carlo!
now often to my wandering across the creek, my
first settlement here would I have been lost
in the dusk of evening but for that faithful crea-
ture—he would lead me instinctively to this my
frequent haunt—and he is dying, in he, child—
did you not say Carlo was dying, child?"

The old man caught himself as he was sink-
ing into a train of thought in which ourselves
were apparently about to be forgotten—and
with an air of dignity and politeness he contin-
ued his office of guide round the extremity of the
pool, my father and mother, myself and little
Jean, following close in the rear.

A few minutes brought us full in view of the
white Tomb, leaning on which, stood the fairy
form of that young being who had appeared to
us so suddenly while conversing with her grand-
father.—It was a simple oblong pedestal of
white marble, beneath a large and beautiful
drooping willow, whose branches waved over
the marble urn with its tablet, as an orna-
ment. As we approached, the brief inscription
upon one of those mournful appendages as if to
inform that the ashes of some dear departed re-
lative rested within its bosom.—Turning to it
again, after we had passed onward, we per-
ceived the other urn had engraved upon it
"MARIA, etat 13,"—from which it appeared
that two dead Maria's reposed beneath that
cold sepulchral monument, while one yet ap-
ared in the bloom of youth and loveliness, yet ap-
parently the ruthless destroyer, was supporting our
aged guide before us.

The scene now became changed, for it opened
upon a verdant lawn, in the centre of which
was a mansion of considerable size, but of

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The deaths in Philadelphia during the last week were 73 viz:—38 Adults, and 35 Children, of which 18 were under one year of age. Of Consumption 18.

Deaths in New York last week—37 men, 18 women, 20 boys, and 18 girls—total 93.

A son of the late Mr. Cephas Parker, of Boston, 6 years old, lost his life, at Weston, a few days since, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a lad of 16.

The Albany Daily Advertiser, of Saturday, says the navigation continues clear on the whole line of both Canals, although there are but a few boats running, all the lines having withdrawn their boats. On Friday cleared 19 boats at Albany, and arrived 54 boats.

The official returns of the Electoral Election in all the counties of the state of North Carolina, give for Gen. Jackson, 87,857, for Mr. Adams 18,910; majority for Gen. Jackson, 68,947.

The whole number of votes given in the state of Kentucky for electors of President at the election held in that state, on the 24, 4th, and 9th of November, was 70,738. Of this number General Jackson received 39,071; Mr. Adams 31,667. Majority for Jackson 7,404.

The Richmond Enquirer contains the official returns of the Presidential Election in Virginia, according to which the votes stand for Jackson, 38,785—for Adams, 12,101—Jackson majority, 26,684.

The official returns of the state of Maryland give—for Mr. Adams, 33,827—Gen. Jackson, 24,665. Majority for Mr. Adams in the state, 9,162.

The whole number of votes in New York State for Electors, was 276,176, viz. for Jackson 140,763—for Adams, 135,413. Average majority for the Jackson electors, 5,355.

At the last term of the Criminal Court, in Cumberland county, Maine, there were nine convictions, the aggregate amount of whose term of service, in the State Prison, is 30 years.

A half-grown fowl was killed, in England, by the crop of which was discovered the astonishing number of 3040 grains of wheat.

Good blood, so called, is a very good thing, inasmuch as it often brings with it an acceptable baggage—arable land, wood land, and pasture land, together with rents, dividends &c. But show us a Mammoth, we consider all blood the same. As all are made of the same material, they have little to do with the quality of the crop.

The King of England is in a very critical situation. It is said he is afflicted with the dropsy.

There have not, says the Morning Herald, been more warlike preparations going on for a number of years at the Sherears Dock-yard, than are going on at the present time. A number of extra shipwrights have been taken on for the purpose of reducing several men of war to flight.

Great complaints are made of the insecurity of property in London. Burglary has been very common.

The Tremont, Federal-street and Washington-Garden theatres, Boston, were crowded to excess on Thanksgiving evening: Half a dozen or more Subscription Balls in various parts of the city, were "fully and fashionably" attended; and the New England Museum, the great Old Columbus, and the Caravan of Living Animals, were all well patronized.

In the seven years preceding the present, the number of female inhabitants of Armstrong county, in this state, has increased from 2000 to 2347, something more than 55 per cent.

A letter from a planter on Edisto island, to the editor of the Beaufort Gazette, states, that the cotton crop there will be generally greater than has yet been made.

Madame Malibran Garcia has again appeared at the Italian Opera in Paris. She delighted the Parisians in her performance.

Three persons have been found over at Dedham, Mass. for trial in the Supreme Judicial Court, on a charge of having set fire to a building attached to the house of correction, and other buildings in its vicinity.

A man near New Bedford lately killed 38 makes measuring altogether 152 feet. He caught them napping in winter quarters.

The canal boat James Otis, Capt. Kent, has arrived at Geneva, N. Y. with a full freight of produce. This is the first regular canal boat that has reached Seneca Lake, through the Seneca and Cayuga canals, and we understand that as soon as the navigation opens, it is intended to run a daily line from the flourishing village of Geneva to the North River.

Lots to the amount of \$5000 have been recently sold in Delaware City. It is said that great improvements are there contemplated. A spacious hotel is about to be erected.

A pear was gathered at Gloucester, Mass. recently, which weighed 30 ounces.

Low tobacco from Cuba seed is raised in considerable quantities near St. Augustine, in Florida.

Horse stealing prevails in Upper Canada.—This is not a disease, but it carries off useful animals.

It is said that a regiment of British troops will shortly Garrison Fort George. The military post at the Short Hills, is also, it is said, to be completed.

A tavern-keeper in New York, has applied to have the 19th regiment of Militia, in that city, prosecuted for damage and outrages in his house.—The magistrate said he must have the names of individuals or of all in the regiment.

The Steam boat Washington, which left New York on Friday, had on board \$60,000 in specie on account of a Boston Mercantile house. The security of money in that city, and perhaps other circumstances, have caused the balance of the cash account to be against New York.

The first Baptist Church in Massachusetts was constituted 165 years ago. There are now in the state about 175 churches, embracing not far from 17,000 communicants.

The quantity of cotton manufactured in this country, is estimated at 120,000 bales.

The Prospectus of a new paper appears in the Pennsylvania Gazette. It is to be published in the name of the Magnolia in Middle Florida, under the name of the "Magnolia Advertiser."

In one of the late Turkish Bulletins, after describing the success of the Turks in one of their cities, the Bulletin adds, "The infidels, on their part, displayed most valiant resistance; but the bravery of the Mussulmans triumphed, notwithstanding."

The Corporation of the city of Boston has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the detection of the robbers who broke into the public treasury, belonging to the House of Industry of that city, and stole therefrom several boxes.

Balt water has been obtained in Susquehanna county by boring to the depth of 500 feet. It is thought that sufficient salt will be obtained from the spring to supply the county—50 gallons of water afford one bushel of salt.

The daily trade in the English funds, is believed to be nearly equal to their daily trade in wheat. It is estimated by the stock-holders that the trade in the funds, each day, is equal to \$90,000, and in the year to \$30 millions of pounds sterling. The trade in wheat is estimated at 100 millions a year.

There is at this moment in the coffers of the Bank of England, gold to the amount of £12, 900,000.

The Barber of Seville is to be performed, at Boston, in Italian; Almira, Mr. Peasman; Figaro, Camer; Bartolo, Roschi; Rosina, Mrs. Peasman. This would be a fine new opera.

The Yellow Fever sugar at Gibraltar.—On the 10th of October there were 736 patients in the Hospital—and on the 13th, 907, of whom 200 were dangerously ill. 210 slightly indisposed, and 226 convalescent—35 deaths occurred during the 4 days.

The National Journal states that the members of Congress from South Carolina and Georgia appeared in their places, clothed in homespun.

The Chancellor of the state of New Jersey has declared a dividend of fifty per cent. in favor of those creditors of the New Jersey Protection and Lombard Bank, who present their claims to the commissioners appointed for that purpose. It is supposed a further dividend will be made of about 15 per cent.

A German had recently lost his life in West Chester, by falling from a considerable height upon a quantity of coal. He positively refused to submit to a surgical operation, and consequently died.

Deaths during the past week in Baltimore—males 18—females 15—total 33.

A colored man, belonging to the ship Providence, fell into the river at Savannah, on the evening of Nov. 28. A comrade plunged in to save him, and both were drowned. They are said to have been intoxicated.

In Denton, near Manchester, resides a family of the name of Howard, by trade, of whom the father and two sons together, weigh 1,000 lbs.—the mother is only five feet two inches in height, and weighs no more than 140 lbs.

A late Quebec paper states that the public executioner is in jail on a charge of highway robbery, and many people think the hangman will be hung.

A Boston paper notices a propensity of the people of that city to build six houses where there is a room for one.

A nectarine acorn inserted in a peach stock, on the farm of Mr. W. Elliott, of Northford, Connecticut, grew 2 feet 6 inches the last season, handsomely proportioned, with fine thrifty branches.

The N. Y. Enquirer says that 800 piano fortes are yearly manufactured in that city.

The Rev. Rowland Hill once asked a young shopkeeper how he could endure to put up, take down, turn over, and talk of goods for hours, for and with those whom he presumed would not prove purchasers? "O, (said he) it does me good—it teaches me the grace of patience!"

A few evenings since, in New-York, a man had his hat stolen off his head in the street. The thief was pursued, taken and committed.

A census of the city of St. Louis in Missouri, has been lately taken by the Sheriff, and the population is found to be, free white males 2,179, free white females 1,389, slaves and colored persons 1,232—total 5000.

The Virginia rivers have been very much swelled by the late rains; apprehensions are entertained for the wheat in the low grounds, which has not yet come up. In approaching the Chick-sawing bridge, on Tuesday evening, a great part of the body of the mail car was under water.

The Austrians are fitting out an expedition at Trieste, against Morocco.

A hopeful youth, in the Isle of Man, has lately relieved the dog-alley of too much leisure, by skimming a dog alley. The wretched creature, not that he was skimming against a law of nature that would vibrate with his cruelty to the outskirts of the universe.

A Quebec paper states, that the magistrates in that city are resolutely determined to prevent the sale of ardent spirits on the Sabbath day. It is estimated that the present winter, at least 10,000 teachers will be employed in the New England states.

The trial of several persons indicted for conspiracy, ac. respecting the murder of William Morgan, which was to have commenced at Lockport N. Y. before the Circuit Court now sitting at that place, has been put off, at the instance of the defendants, for the want of testimony.

The American Lyceum, lately established in Boston, has for its object the dissemination of practical knowledge, and the promotion and advancement of useful science among the industrious classes of society. Branches of the parent institution, says an eastern paper, to the number of about two hundred, are in operation in various parts of New-England.

A man lately entered a New York boarding house, took a seat as if at home, made a comfortable meal at supper, took a glass of whiskey punch at the bar, and walked off coolly and untroubled with another gentleman's bundle and umbrella. He has not been heard of since.

A New York paper says that fashionably dressed pickpockets abounded in that city. Dressed generally shabby looking fellows.

The Richmond Compiler informs us that Mr. Jno. G. Smith, formerly a merchant of that city, and who died a short time ago, in the county of Granville, in the state of North Carolina, has bequeathed by his will to the Female Humane Association of Richmond, four thousand acres of land, in the county of Harrison in that State. This land is valued on his books at \$4000.

The Boston Commercial Gazette, of Saturday, says, "The demand for money has been absolutely agonizing for several days. There has been a perfect tornado on change; and there seems no prospect of a speedy relief."

The Jury impaneled in the case of MICHAEL M'GARVEY, indicted for the murder of his wife, returned a verdict last Friday afternoon, convicting him of murder in the second degree. He was brought up to receive sentence next morning.

The Chief Justice dealt impressively on the atrocity of his crime and the inoffensive character of his victim—assured him that he had been most mercifully dealt with by the Jury—that, in the opinion of the Court, the evidence was such as to warrant a verdict of murder in the first degree—that if such a verdict had been given, no reluctance would have been felt by the Court in pronouncing the sentence of the law—and that the heaviest punishment allowed by the law would now be inflicted.

The prisoner was accordingly sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment—nine of solitary confinement, and nine at hard labour. He was then conducted to the penitentiary, surrounded by a numerous concourse of people.

ARCH STREET THEATRE. Friday, Nov. 21.—Pizarro. Saturday.—Richard III.—Lottery Ticket. Monday, Dec. 1.—Pizarro—Sleep Walker. Tuesday.—Marmion. Wednesday.—Much ado about Nothing—My Aunt. Thursday.—John Bull—Three and the Deuce. It is admitted by all who have seen Mr. I. Wallack's *Rolla*, that he personates the Peruvian hero in a style rarely equalled, and never surpassed by any one, at least, on this side the Atlantic. To point out particular beauties would be superfluous, for in almost every passage he exhibits talent, grace and skill, and from beginning to end he carries his audience completely along with him, by a display of irresistible power.

The manner in which *Pizarro* has been got up deserves particular commendation. The scenery throughout is rich, varied and appropriate; the dresses are new, and in good taste, and the choruses and processions are admirably drilled. The scene in the Temple of the Sun, is strikingly beautiful, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Isherwood's talent, and Mr. Wood's liberality.

Mr. Wallack is scarcely equal to the performance of Richard. The part requires vast physical strength, as well as quick conception, and fervid execution. He was quite respectable, however, throughout, and in some passages pos-

sessed more than equal to the part. He was quite respectable, however, throughout, and in some passages pos-

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The N. Y. Morning Courier says, that though La Fage's idea of bottling up a devil is singular, yet the devil is frequently found in the bottle.

Nov. 22-41 M. SCALIGER.

M. B. Acknowledgment of all things. Circumstances taken into
consideration.

the retail prices.
Nov. 23-24